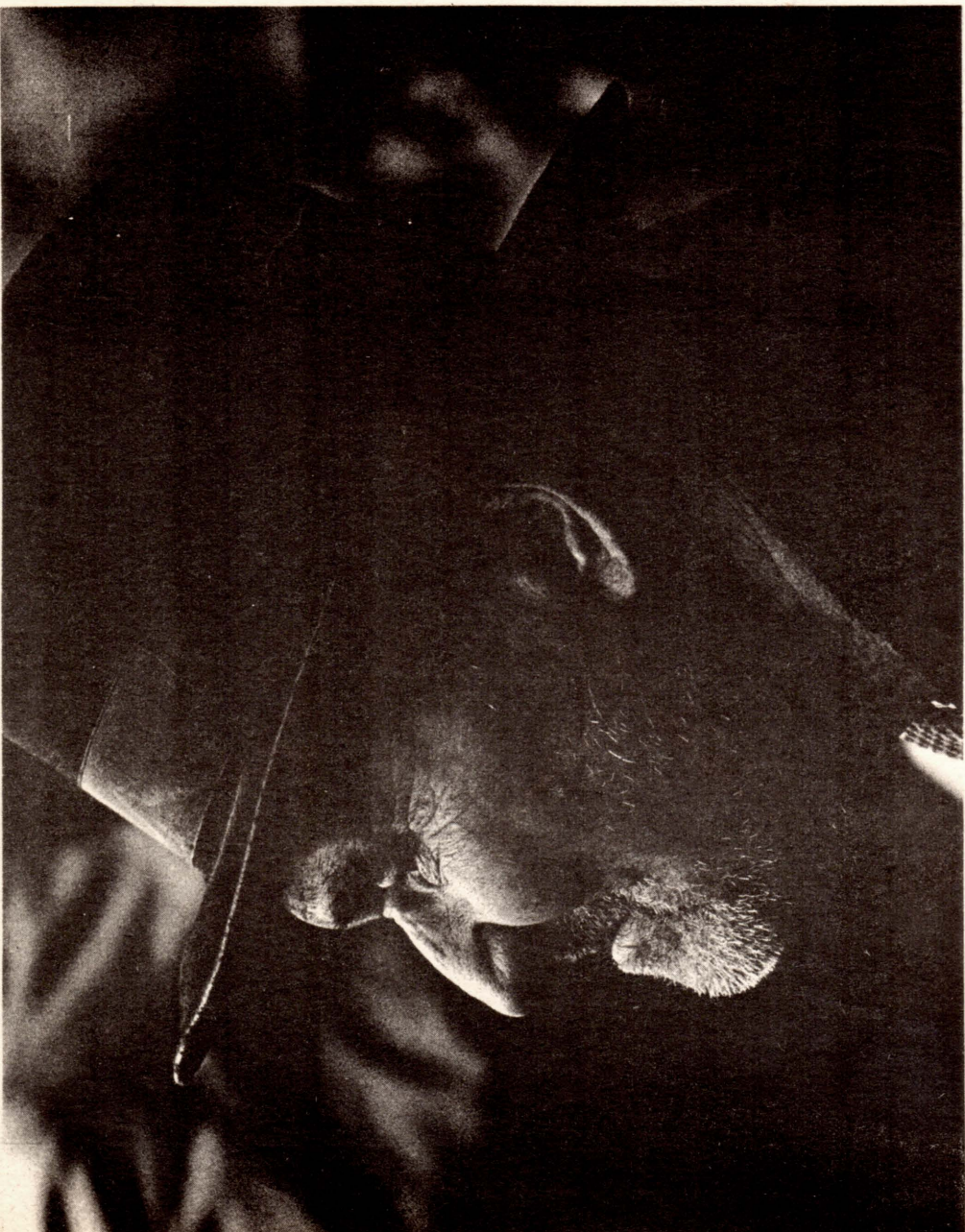
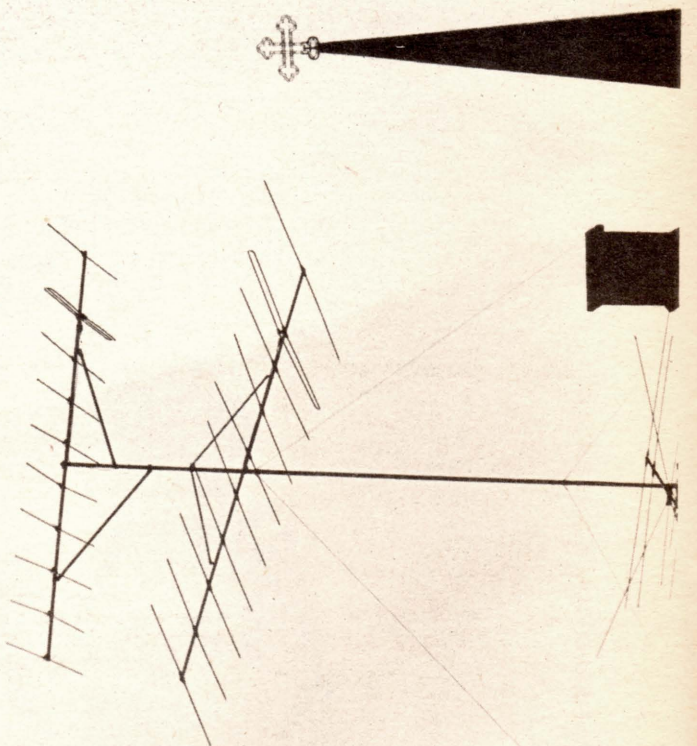
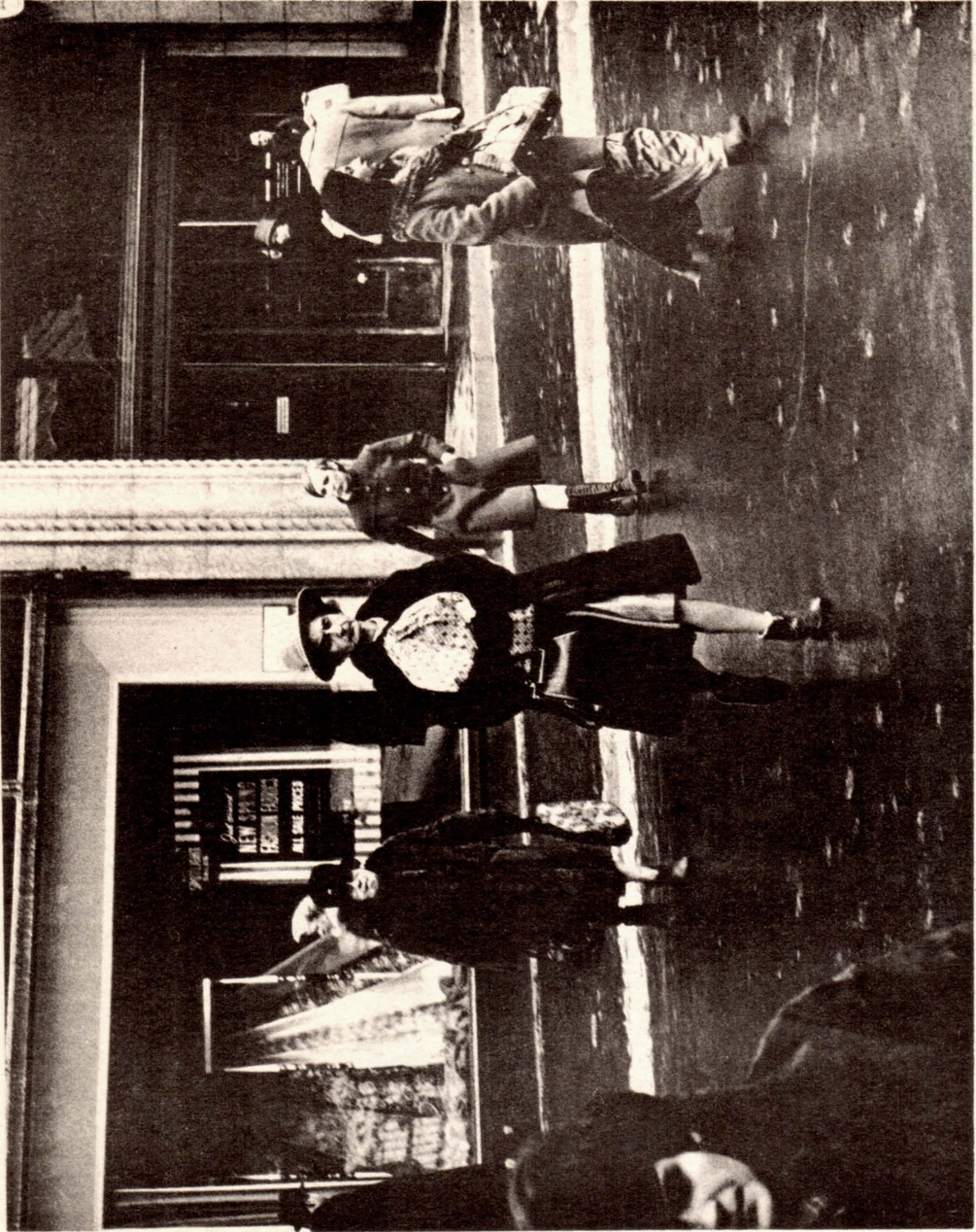


DRUMBEATS OF DISTANT SHORES GIVING US OUR DAWN SURPRISE REVOL-  
VING OUR BODIES HEADS AND MINDS AS ELECTRIC MANDALAS ON MIL-  
LIDIMENSIONAL HARMONIES WITH EVERPRESENT OMENS OF CIVILIZED  
LAW AND ORDER MEN IN BLUE MOTIONING YOU TO STAY OF STEAM ROL-  
LING HOW CAN YOU WITH THE AMPLIFIED REVERBERATIONS PUT SIT DOWN  
BUT YOUR PLANETED SYSTEM OF OUR LIVES AS A TIDAL MILLENNIUM OF  
GALAXIES IN RANDOMNESS RIDING UPON A SEA WHERE TO THE VIOLENCE  
OF THE SUN WHERE THE SKY LOVES THE SOCIAL CHAOS OF BEAUTY WHICH IS  
THE SENSITIZED TOUCH OF YOUR FINGERTIPS INTO THE BEGINNING WHICH IS  
SEE THE CONCUSSION OF I AND US TODAY WE'RE GOING WRONG  
POUNDING THE PRIMORDIAL SELF WHICH IS THE ROCK-AID-ROLL THERE IN THE  
CREATION WHICH IS LOGOS FOUND OUT FOR A REMEMBER TREE OR ME A  
THE WORD WHICH IS A REVOLUTION IN A RACING SEA SHE WOULD  
YOU CAN'T HAVE A REASON FOR TODAY DO YOU WANT TO TAKE TO THE  
AND SEE WHAT IT HAPPENS WHEN IT HAPPENS FOR A GROWING NITCH IN ELE-  
PAIN IS THERE A BEGINNING NO TIME FOR PITY DO YOU WANT TO TAKE TO THE  
CIRCLE HAS NO CITY NO TIME FOR PITY DO YOU WANT TO TAKE TO THE  
MAKE A SEA FOR US ALL IN THE MIDDLE OF A RACING SEA SHE WOULD  
HEARTLAND OF THE WINTER THEATRE AGAINST THE WORLD AND WE WANT IT NOW THE MIS-  
LIGHT OF AN ATTENDANT TELLING YOU TO STAY ON YOUR CHAIR PUT-  
TING YOU DOWN DO NOT FREAK OUT DO NOT COLLECT \$200 GO DIRECTLY  
THE REVOLUTION OF A DOZEN AGAINST THE FREEDOM VS AUTHORITY AND FEAR  
STONARIES PLAY ON THE BLUE MEADOWS IN SAVAGE LANDS EXCURSIONS  
MUSIC SMASHES AGAINST THE SADNESS THAT IS THE SCREAMING LIBERATION  
THOUGHT AND ACTION BLOWING YOUR MINDS AND INTERVAL BETWEEN  
GUTS OH YEAH THE CREAM IN CONCERT AT THE PAUL SAUVE ARENA JUL  
IT TOO MUCH DO YOU SEE A GIRL'S BROWN BODY BY ROB KELDER









They were told that if they didn't like the present "policy" toward hippies then they could "get out of town". As Jean Nantel put it: "Imagine expecting a dialogue with the mayor and then finding yourself on the receiving end of a furious tirade."

"Hippies are a moral and physical menace to the citizens and are a drain on the city's resources." That the obvious refutation of his argument by the very presence of some outstanding citizens of Montreal is a manifestation of what the meeting really meant. Content and dialogue were irrelevant; the medium - a Drapeau-freak-out - was the message. Is it possible, however, out of context, to find out the cause of dear Jean D.'s freak?

Could it be that Jean has erected a red herring, sublimated a host of problems and found an outlet for his frustrations? Lottery and Man and His World not bringing in the bread? Poor people starting to scream a little too loud? A few newspaper articles (spec. LOGOS Vol. 1, #6 - Jeanne Mance Housing Project) beginning to look behind the glass wall? "Visitez les Slums" and see the other Montreal. Just how affluent is this city of tomorrow?

The gross debt in Montreal in 1961 just after Drapeau was elected was \$366,000,000. In Dec. 1967, it was \$770,000,000. In a city where 38% of the population live in "misery, poverty or privation" (E. Gosselin, The Third Solitude), it is quite obvious that with a debt this size any plans for welfare must be tabled. As it was in April, 1967

when the welfare grant was cut by \$10,000. The lottery started last month is another scheme (like the \$25,000,000 bond issue at 7 1/8% offered in New York in Feb. 1967) to try to offset the expenses of Drapeau's grand illusions, such as Man and His World. Besides the fact that it is illegal (We quote Mr. Drapeau on hippies, "They must obey the laws like every other citizen") as stated by Prof. Morton of Osgoode Hall Law School, it will hardly serve to balance the budget, let alone bring in the 28 million as planned with it banned in the U.S. and in Ontario.

How will the budget be balanced next year? Man and His World was designed to be a source of revenue. Yet, each day so far, on operating costs alone, it is losing close to \$40,000 dollars. Next year, Drapeau will have a very heavy decision to make: to spend millions to fix it up (nearly all the buildings except the theme pavilions were designed only for six months) or to spend millions tearing it down (it costs the Canadian Government 10 million to tear down the pavilion at Brussels). Maybe this will be the final solution to the hippie problem, turn Man and His World into a concentration camp for hippies and the poor. His plan for a baseball stadium supposedly costing 35 million (a more realistic figure would be 95 million such as in Houston?) and the Olympics in 1976 leave one wondering if he plans to institute slave labour by 1970 so the "citizens" can enjoy the spectacles. Visions of the Great Dictator of the Holy Montreal Empire on his way to the "games".

What plans has Drapeau got for the half million people who live in poverty right next door

to Man and His World? "Over one third the population suffers deprivation or lives in poverty, and close to one half of the population can be classified as economically weak," (The Third Solitude). Families who earn \$15,000 a year or more constitute only 4% of those in the metropolitan area, yet they earn 10% of the total income of all the families in the Montreal area. The income of one in every five families in Montreal is \$3,000 a year or less. No wonder they say, "Terre des Hommes equals Terres des Riches". How can families living on a bare subsistence level pay \$2.50 per person to use St. Helen's Island Park. Mr. Drapeau refuses to build a fence between the rich and the poor for St. Helen's Island. Obviously he doesn't need to, the wall is there and even stronger since it is intangible.

Who is a moral and physical threat to the citizens, Mr. Drapeau? In the center-city area where the average income is \$2,500, the infant mortality rate is 50 per 1,000 births compared with 12 per 1,000 births in well-off areas of the city. Mr. Drapeau it is rather ironic that after close analysis, the facts reflect a greater menace in your silence and indifference to the poor, in your grand schemes which benefit the rich minority and starve the majority, in your stated complete disregard even for the other members of your council let alone the population of Montreal. No, the hippies are not your problem!

"Your problem is that you have betrayed your animal. Into hands as cruel and bloody as your own."

It is wishful thinking to believe that the majority always rules in a democracy. The majority rules on election day. Once the administration has been chosen, the administration is in command.

Jean Drapeau 1957.

That the majority of council should impose on the will of the executive committee is just as stupid as to call in the wife and children to vote on a decision to be taken in a family. Its the father who rules, not the family majority.

Jean Drapeau 1957.

There must not be any decisions taken by a majority, but only by responsible individuals. Each of these individuals will have appointed counsellors, but the decision will be taken by one man only.

Adolf Hitler, 1926

Last June 13, a group of people, including Jean Nantel of Contact, Dr. John Frei and Ed Smith of Montreal Council of Social Agencies, Ray Affleck, architect, met with Jean Drapeau and Police Director Gilbert.

#### You're in the Pepsi Generation

Now  
The St. Jean Baptiste Parade  
"French Canada's greatest"  
Walter Poronovich- Montreal Star.

"The sweetness and light boasting all that is unique in French Canada."

Brian McKenna- Montreal Star  
We'll spare you the Gazette. Only Andre Major from Le Devoir came anywhere close to a relevant description of the actual parade content. He termed it mediocre except for the riot and described the Vigneault float in particular as ridiculous, venturing the guess that if Vigneault himself had seen it he would probably have fled. He ends by saying "But the crowd applauded at least two things: the Stanley Cup, won as everybody knows by the Canadians and the legs of several young girls

representing youth.....Nothing new in any case in the parade which tried to reconcile the old and the go-go, giving a very good image of our society."

To put it freely the parade was a farce. It consisted of twenty or so odd floats interspersed by brass bands in colonial costumes playing non-descript tunes.

Among the floats was the Du Maurier fabrication advertising their cancerous wares, Pepsi-Cola that unique French-Canadian product, St. Hubert Bar-B-Q (free home delivery) and Renault (of Canada of course.) A conglomeration of three-dimensional newspaper ads on wheels- a plastic parody of our consumer's society.

In the meantime less than 100 yards away from the dignitaries stand fighting breaks out between federally inspired police and ardent Quebec Nationalists

# NOW



who are incensed by the presence of self-styled anti-nationalist Prime Minister Trudeau at French Canada's national feast. Police brutality is rampant especially inside station no. 4, according to one of our photographers whose camera was destroyed when he was arrested by plain clothes men.

All the prisoners - some of whom were already badly beaten on the way to the paddy wagons - were made to run a gauntlet of some 30 cops who then kicked & clubbed them for about 20 minutes inside the station. Not satisfied with this, they singled out individual prisoners - "I remember you, you..." - and beat them insensate. Split scalps, black eyes, and blood-drenched clothes appeared on at least half of those in the detention cell - to say nothing of those who were hospitalized after a delay of several hours. R.K.





cided to use strong scare tactics: he closed the faculty until it had "cooled down", obviously believing the fear of exams would suffice to get the students "back into line". Instead, it mobilized a support meeting at the Sorbonne.

The story is one of continuing mistakes on the part of the power people: they continued to use force, which mobilized more and more students. Whatever the number of missing, dead, and wounded may turn out to be, they can be chalked up to the provocation of the state. The fact that the students were prepared to fight in the streets against the oppression made a strong impression on the workers (many of whom were fighting with the students that first "night of the barricades", May 10). Police terror, witnessed and experienced by the residents of Paris (police beat up anyone found in the streets and shot grenades as well as broke into apartments where the residents offered aid to the demonstrators), brought them to the side of the demonstrators.

Support from the workers, it must be underlined, came from the base: the CP continued to refer to Cohn-Bendit as a "German anarchist" obviously sent to subvert the French nation, a view undeniably identical to that of the right wing press.

For the latter the problem was more than band-aids and iodine: they were brutally attacked by the CRS and GM (Garde Mobile), whenever they were aiding the wounded. Often they were forced to attempt to drag the wounded away from the savages who continued to beat trapped and wounded demonstrators unmercifully. The ambulances used by the Red Cross and medical students were favorite targets of gas and combat grenades, and the police did not shrink from disguising one of their cars as an ambulance in order to get into the centre of the demonstrators before opening fire.

While the strike is ending and France is returning to "normal", the work of the students and workers is by no means finished. The University and many lycées are still controlled by the students: some factories continue to be occupied by workers, but most important is the fact that the committees continue to operate and will continue in the future. For there is no end to contestation, either subdued in talk of bursting out when the occasion arises, into the streets.

Besides the necessity for effective organization and spontaneous, exciting and novel use of all available facilities, an

June 19, 1968

As you must know, the strike situation is inexorably getting back to "normal", despite my rather overly optimistic outlook. This process gave the govnt. more confidence, which was translated into the CRS occupation of the Odeon theatre and, as a coup de grâce, of the Sorbonne. The Odéon was not much of a loss, as it acted as a sort of circus where all sorts of tourists, rightists, or weirdies of all ages, descriptions, persuasions, could gather. However, even if the Sorbonne was nothing but a symbol, it is disgusting to see it once again surrounded by hundreds of CRS, or Gardes Mobiles, with the tricolor once again hanging instead of the red and black flags of its hours of glory.

The govnt. used the pretext of a wounded person being inside the Sorbonne, and its propaganda that it was a horrible dirty mess (it was a homey sloppy, conglomeration, much superior to the bureaucratically-antiseptic-plastic interiors the govnt. and its bourgeoisie love so) to prepare for the reoccupation. The occupation committee of the Sorbonne had little choice but to give in: it had sent out most of the people, in order to do a general clean-up itself, and in no way could the skeleton crew left inside defend the building against the CRS.



When I arrived here four weeks ago, France was apparently calm in terms of student agitation. Vietnam, American imperialism, Black Power, etc. were the big questions. The movement at Nanterre (March 22 Movement) was attracting some publicity, but did not yet seem serious. Their right wing, especially a group called Occident, had been instrumental in sacking an office of the Comité Vietnam National, and in setting fire, within the Sorbonne itself, to the office of the student union, UNEF.

The same factors which cause student discontent in other countries were evident: alienation, castration, and oppression by a bureaucratic, bourgeois state apparatus. A few unique factors can be cited: an unbelievably anachronistic educational system was the rule in France, and a strong worker movement which was at least versed in the rhetoric of "overthrow of the bourgeois state for the building of socialism".

The push came from Nanterre, where the movement had won the right to hold political meetings on campus (a campus newly built between the suburban railroad yards and the slums), and had been effectively building a movement of contestation within the university. Four weeks before the dread exams, the rector de-

Once the Sorbonne was reoccupied by the students it was opened to the public, and especially to the workers, to attempt to really build a movement of solidarity between workers and students. Meetings were held among the students of the departments to discuss necessary reforms and to design a program for the new "critical university".

At the Sorbonne, the courtyard became a "political super market", with all sorts of political groups setting up their tables to sell literature, newspapers, etc. The open debates continued, and there were also debates or forums on specific topics, e.g. abortion and contraception, the role of the university, auto-gestation of factories, etc. Now, after three weeks the debates no longer go on every night all night. However, the work of the reorganization committees and the strike committees continues.

Better and more practical use is being made of the occupied facilities than ever before: the Beaux-Arts faculty was immediately opened to all in order to produce attractive and well designed wall posters rather than nearly illegible scrawls, and the medical faculties became first aid and Red Cross centres.

important lesson to be learnt is the absolute distrust of those existing groups with something to protect, such as unions and parties, who wish nothing more than to recuperate their tarnished images. These groups, such as the CP, have a ready-made vocabulary and polished apologists who will try, and sometimes manage, to bewilder those who will listen, and to mystify all important issues.

Here, with the nation on the brink of collapse, with no government to speak of, this "revolutionary party" saw to their interest by getting a 7-10% wage increase for some workers and by proving to the bourgeoisie how easy it is to buy the CP: all they need be given is a place in the government and they shut up.

From all this, from the disgust and the treason of the so-called "communists", one can only acknowledge the difficulty of making real changes and one can only wonder that it was ever able to happen in China or Cuba!

There is no formula, there is no timetable. Each country will have to deal with its own variables. People should read and talk with anyone who has ever been involved in such a movement, but the real trick is the spontaneity and creativeness of indigenous groups or individuals.

As a reaction to this, there were further nights of violence in the Latin Quarter; nothing to compare with some of the other battles, but still, there were the savages advancing thru the streets again. The one thing that is really groovy about these battles is the feeling of fellowship and a well-defined sense of hatred: I would like to machine gun down every last one of these black-uniformed mindless bastards!

However, the situation remains rather grave. Apparently there is a very great chance of a putsch: not only did de Gaulle get the satisfaction of learning his generals were loyal to him, not only did he pardon the most right-wing generals and criminals jailed from the aftermath of the Algerian war, but there are all sorts of fears about a civil war and as far as I know the army is surrounding Paris. One sees CRS and Garde Mobile convoys at least five or ten times a day, twenty bus loads at a time, being carried here, to there, everywhere; every once in a while, the army trucks go by, rather sinister looking. Man, its frightening! Sure, the workers and students and their allies may be an absolute majority, but the absolute majority of the weapons and combat-training are on the other side.



# THE PERILS OF SUPERSLICK

COURTESY OF HILARTY PRODUCTIONS © 1984

A CONVENIENT SIZE CROWD  
OF BUTTON PUSHING FREAKS  
AND INTRODUCING **GURUVY!**

\* WHEW!!! WHADDA  
TRAFFIC JAM. OH WELL,  
IT GIVES ME A CHANCE  
TO REFLECT AND...

MEANWHILE

ON A HIGHER LEVEL...

OK MEN LET'S TAKE A  
COFFEE BREAK - SLICK  
SHOULD BE HERE ANY  
MINUTE NOW WITH SOME  
FRESH PERSPECTIVE...

BUT...

GEE! I'VE NEVER REALLY  
NOTICED HOW COMFORTABLE  
MY CAR IS... IT'S SO  
NICE AND SOFT AND...

BACK AT THE OFFICE...

COFFEE BREAK BOY

COFFEE  
BREAK  
APPEE

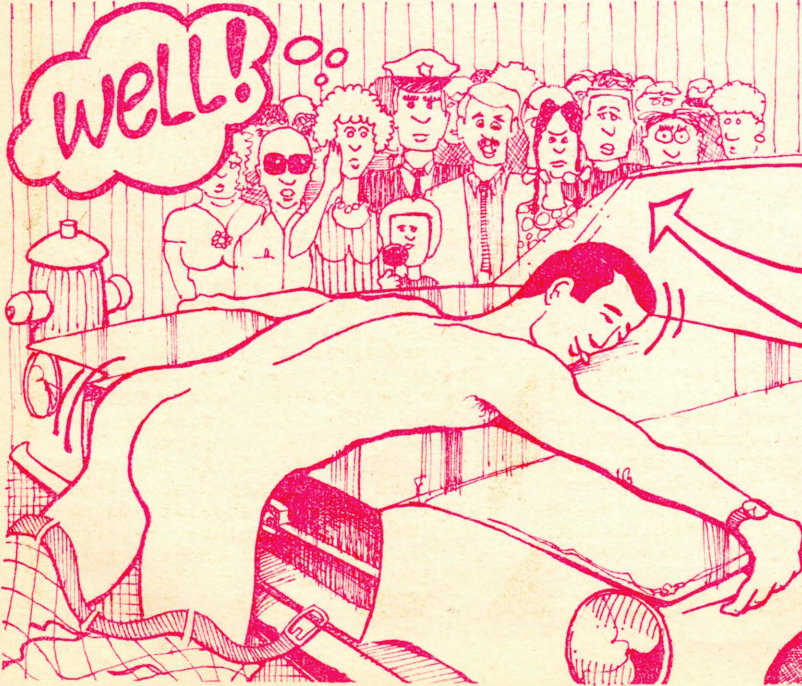
YET~

Slick - WHAT'S HAPPENING!

MMMM  
SOFT AND  
SO WARM AND



FLASH TO THE OFFICE

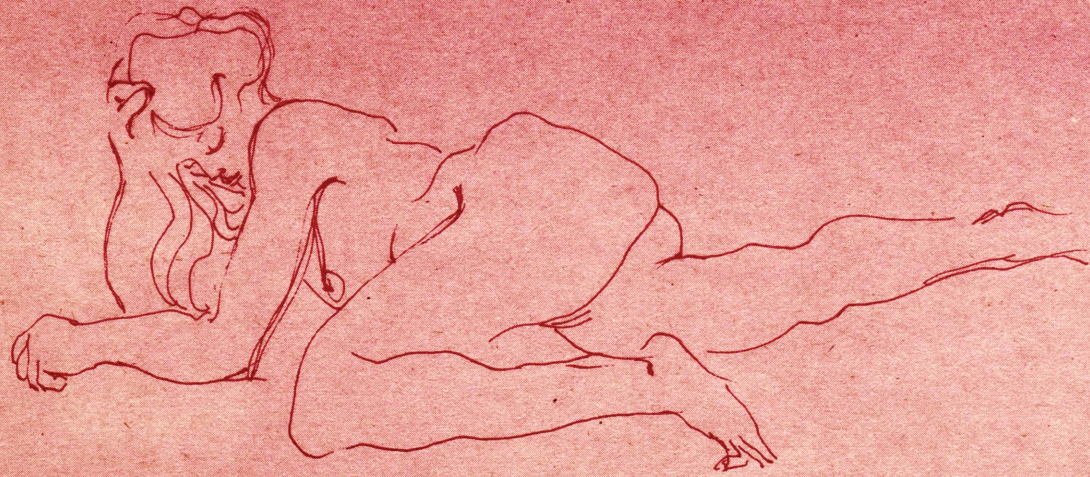


**THUS**  
WE ARE LEFT  
WITH A NUMBER  
OF FUNDAMENTALLY  
QUESTIONABLE  
QUERIES:  
★ ARE THESE PEOPLE  
(a) SPECTATORALLY  
ORIENTED  
(b) JUST FLAIN FOLKS  
FROM AESTHETICALLY  
LIMITED BACKGROUNDS  
(c) STARING  
?

★ WHO WAS  
GURUVY AND  
WHY HIS  
MEDIUMFUL  
MESSAGE ?  
?

★ WHY IS ROSY FUKING IN THE  
KINGSTON BUS TERMINAL ?  
WATCH THIS SPACE





## OPERATION MORAL UPGRADE

READING TIME (possibly only a glance)

*We have pushed the nose of our culture  
into the shit of our self-interest.*

Dimples, a shaved twat and square socks with  
a dash of Springtime Freshness  
"In the name of God, Issac, Jacob and David,  
Ding Lolomon and Richard Stanton Rimanoczy  
When in the course of human events it  
becomes necessary to hold up your pants -  
break away from the tyranny of the dull belt  
-Fife & Drum Belts by Paris"

If you don't know confess - the *droit du Seigneur*  
is alive and erect at 750 Bonsecours -  
the virginal water is and only is consecrated  
by strict legal purification  
- seize all heretics!

"But God is responsible but you understand  
(1) Human nature desires to BE good but  
(2) it desires more to DO evil  
The lusty life is back and it  
starts at the Sign of the Pub  
-Uncork a flask of Pub's Cologne

But now, understand THIS! You never heard THIS before!  
To those readers who may feel that  
in this dissection some important parts  
have been left out, we beg their patient study:  
all the important parts are there.

"Brethren, God deliberately put  
within mortal material MAN the very  
spiritual character of SATAN, as man's NATURE -  
human nature -

An alert censorship program is the only way  
to protect citizens from insidious propaganda;  
to protect young children from pornography  
which would lead to sexual perversion & deviance &  
harmful kinds of sexual experimentation  
and divert them from the true path  
of normal family life.

Oh, yes please - stick the wire  
from the transformer up my ass  
Setting limits is a matter of degree isn't it?"  
BROTHER SELL HUMAN FLESH

"Brethren will you continue to be  
RULED, FORCED, DRIVEN, like a cowering, whimpering,  
slave by your own passions, sex compulsions,  
even drug usage.

I WAS RAPED BY THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN  
"Are you harder to catch in a Moss Shirt  
Get it out of your system with  
Flexowriter Automatic Writing Machine."

"Dearly beloved - pause  
Oh you men and your heroics  
Do I always have to earn  
my Canadian Club the hard way?

-zoom - Dearly beloved, no thinking man will  
carry a risk he can shift as long as there is  
available an instrument of finance  
which furnishes a hedge against the  
risks, the uncertainties, the hazards of life  
"You'd be suprised what goes  
on under a London Fog!

My Sin.....a most provocative perfume  
BOILS VIRGINS ALIVE TO MAKE SEX POTION

Do you have trouble with your asexuality?  
Did you know Doris Day before she became a virgin?  
Do you feel your creativity lies in doing well  
what you are taught to do - follow directions?

Do you feel sexually released  
when you catch a fleeting glimpse of your pubic hair  
while purchasing a new pair of LEE-PREST LEESURES?  
Mirror, Mirror on the wall is it true  
that my new Comet does it?

"Revolon's great gift to 20th Century Man may be his hair!  
Are you in Tune with the Times  
To Adapt Ourselves to Today's Standards

We Salesmen Must: Get going and keep going.  
There is no substitute for shoe leather.  
MAN MAKES LOVE TO SIXTY GALS IN TEN DAYS

Just as those who call for the adoption  
of Basic English as a cure for the  
diplomatic confusion of the world, the  
authors call for a set of unmistakable

economic words as a cure  
for the economic confusion of the world.

"New hope for the butterfingers:  
The ridiculously simple Sony cartridge tape recorder

"Don't be a drag. Fit into an Omega GT  
with hand-crafted Italian body, powered  
with a 283 cu. in. FORD V8 engine, features  
a four speed all synchro FORD gearbox  
and 4 wheel disk brakes by Suspensions International Corp.  
\$8750 F.O.B.

VILE MOM SELLS DAUGHTER'S BODY TO PAY \$80 DEBT  
HEAR ME: HUMAN NATURE, believe it or not,  
is VANITY, JEALOUSY, LUST and GREED!

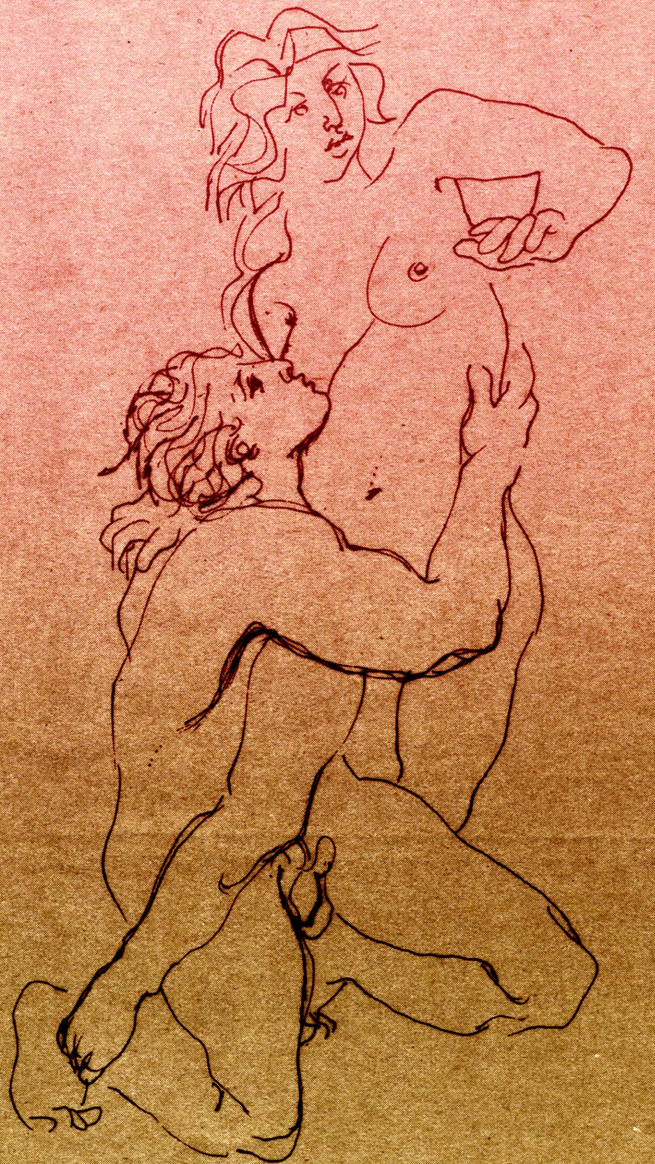
Who WILL YOUR AUTHORITY BE?  
be like the apostles, No idolatrous power would rule him  
Because he FREELY GAVE himself to GOD

Dear Commissioners and/or councilmen:  
This is the quintessential question  
you will have to consider:  
WHERE DOES THE OBSENIETY LIE?

Designed and erected by  
ACME ELEVATED BED CONSTRUCTION  
with push-button control.

## I KNOW THE HAIR, TISSUE, SKIN

I know the hair, tissue, skin,  
eyes; the lilies, locked and singing  
in the bone, growing into your face  
and through your face- I know  
the pressure of the spirit's skeleton  
and point the gentle word "love" at it  
but beneath the play of tags  
on everything, I know my words  
like whiskey in a corpse, to be of little use  
to one lost in the golden pasturage  
of this "you" which is the journey's  
drive into the land of a human heaven.



SHE HAD CONCEALED HIM IN A DEEP DARK CAVE,

hewn far in the rock, to which she alone knew the  
entrance on the world, and so treacherous and uncertain  
was the descent that the law-givers and the villagers  
passed over his head in the clear fields above,  
content to allow him such safety as he had

Going to bed  
And when we have done  
Lying quietly together in the dark

Warm houses stand within us  
Sleepy angels smile in doorways  
Little jewelled horses jolt by without sound  
Everyone is rich and no one has money  
I can love you Thank God I can love you  
All that can happen to us is not known to the guns

Are you awake darling?  
Do not fall asleep yet  
To sleep now would seem a way to die so easily  
And death is something which poems must be about

But the way our bodies were wings  
Flying in and out of each other...

two poems by kenneth patchen



a love poem to soul to love to faith  
a bed spread with a condemned mans desire  
food and wine  
music listened carefully carelessly wine  
tasted her troubles enormous as the youth of  
her seemed  
down beneath the dustrays  
bamboo  
dust Buddas shadowed  
brow makes approval justified  
but aura of lateness  
a disturbing feeling entering stealthily that  
she may not believe in justification of this  
small banquet  
that she may believe not  
in the righteous of our different ways  
heart beating beneath my nicotine stained  
hand like wounded sparrow a falcon's  
spirit  
and an ashtray being unaccountably  
like the disturbing contradiction  
of room  
i wonder if she felt defiled under  
patient buddas eyes  
contradiction resented was i more reverent in  
secret  
i still claim it was irreverent and  
incomplete

TODAY  
I TRY TO HUSTLE RECORDS? RECORD PLAYER? OBJECT D'art, leather purse  
for friend for small profit, a split pea, i wear a non-  
existent derby like a  
shell over a pea!  
i won i lost  
waiting losing time lost out on last supper until next  
time or supper or dinner  
we sit across from each other learning  
how to communicate.  
down a path of fragmented window  
glass  
down a short fire-escape i tread  
and slide  
like i am the style, of tin can crushed, bottle  
running loose  
chaos- in order- orderly chaos, chaotic  
regime of false masks, and i nibbling here and  
there like a balinese dancer without the 12  
string guitar or the rounded breasts.  
TODAY is sunday is it morning, and the re-accurence  
of the rotting door in phases by that man who paints  
in a barn a lesson  
not absurd  
like discussions, long into the morning, upon  
discovering absolutes, axiomatic rides  
down fireshutes  
ego-mania narcissus wilting like a rose on  
lapel identity wilting as well  
as swiftly changing

two poems by paul babby



SWEETNESS DRIFTS  
FROM ITS EMPTY  
PERCH PAST EVEN  
MORE SOOTHING  
THOUGHT WAVES TO  
SLOW GRINNING  
TO CLOUDED MIND  
AT SYRUP SNARE  
WE FIND OUR HERO  
LAUGHING SOFTLY  
IN DISGUST

OH YEAH, GIVE ME  
THAT GOOD TIME  
FREE FLOATING  
ASSOCIATIONS, PLASTIC  
WOMB HARMONIES AND  
SUPERFICIAL DELIGHTS  
ALL ENCOUNTERED  
WITH A BOWL OF  
PUFFED SOUL

STRANGE, IT SEEMS  
THE TRUTH IS ALWAYS  
5 MILES, IF I HAD  
THOUGHT TO BRING  
A ROAD MAP, OR A  
BALL OF STRING,  
SOMEHOW I FEEL  
THIS IS NOT THE  
BLUNT, HONEST  
TRUTH GETTING  
CLOSE TO THE  
CENTER OF THINGS

ROCK BOTTOM CENTRAL GRASSLAND  
METAPHOR MOLTEN PIT SPARSE  
NIGHT VISION MEANS TREPIDATION  
CARNAL EXERCISE IN WASTED  
OPINION SEPARATED AT SPINAL  
MOUNTAIN BY BLOOD FILLING  
NATURAL CAVITY SHRUNKEN  
IN ITS PRACTICAL WAY

ARCING INTO  
ELECTRICAL  
OBLIVION BY  
POSITIVE  
FEEDBACK  
TRUTH SEEK  
MECHANISM  
DATA LEAP  
FORWARD  
ALONG THE  
PERPETUAL  
MOMENT

OUR WILLFUL BOY  
WITH HEATED  
ARGUMENT COULD  
CLEAN THE EARTH  
OF TREES THE  
AIR OF OXYGEN  
THE SEAS WATER  
WHAT MEANS THE  
END WHEN THE  
END ENDS?

THE TAPPING OF THIS  
ENDLESS NATURAL  
RESOURCE IS HIGHLY  
DANGEROUS AND CALLS  
FOR STRONG MORAL  
CHARACTER. TO THE  
RIGHT WE IGNORE OUR  
LIQUID LIVER FRIEND  
SINCE CONCENTRATED  
IT IS VERY NOURISHING  
IN A WATERY WAY  
DON'T PANIC, OPEN  
MOUTH, GET PREGNANT

LISTEN GOOD FRIENDS, I AM OLD  
AND REMEMBER EVERYTHING, I  
MEAN WITH ALL SINCERITY WE  
SHOULD TRY TO REALLY GET  
TOGETHER THE SHORT TIME WE  
ARE HERE, WE REALLY MEAN  
WHAT WE SAY, WE REALLY  
ARE WHAT WE MEAN, YES?

BULLSHIT

IF IT RAINS  
YOU CAN SEE  
THEM SAY "I  
REALLY MEAN  
WHAT IT LEARNS  
TO PERFORM"  
LET US DRIFT  
INTO SOMETHING  
MORE VACANT

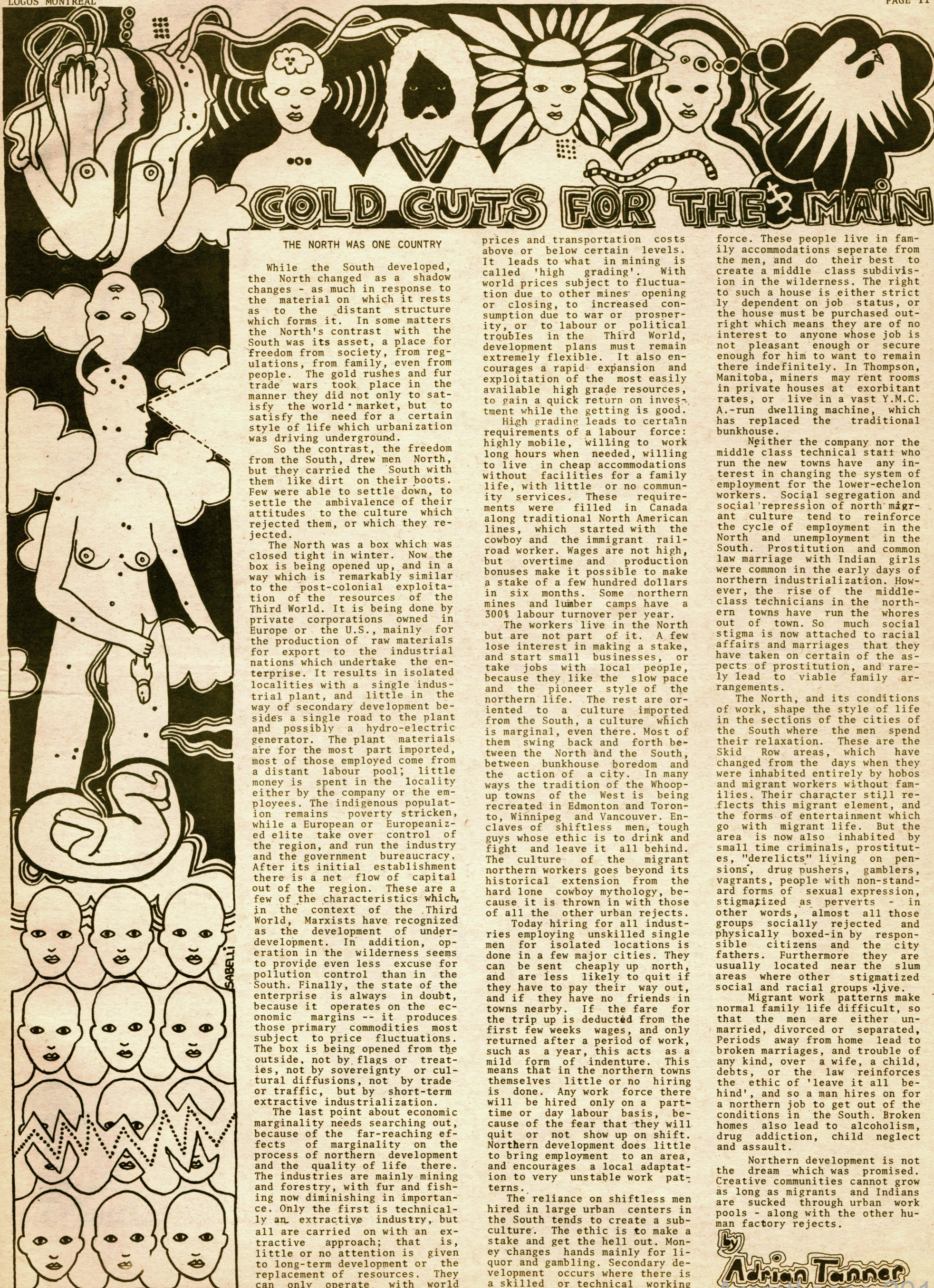
AN INCREDIBLY LETHAL MIXTURE  
OF SLUG DUNG AND RICH BLACK  
GRAVITY SERVED TO ANCHOR  
HIS WILL IN UNYIELDING STASIS

THOSE LUSH  
CONTINENTS SPREAD  
BENEATH THE ROOT  
WE WERE STILL VERY  
SOLID WITH THE BONE  
CAVE FREAKS  
DOWN THE ROAD

mirth

ascent





### THE NORTH WAS ONE COUNTRY

While the South developed, the North changed as a shadow changes - as much in response to the material on which it rests as to the distant structure which forms it. In some matters the North's contrast with the South was its asset, a place for freedom from society, from regulations, from family, even from people. The gold rushes and fur trade wars took place in the manner they did not only to satisfy the world market, but to satisfy the need for a certain style of life which urbanization was driving underground.

So the contrast, the freedom from the South, drew men North, but they carried the South with them like dirt on their boots. Few were able to settle down, to settle the ambivalence of their attitudes to the culture which rejected them, or which they rejected.

The North was a box which was closed tight in winter. Now the box is being opened up, and in a way which is remarkably similar to the post-colonial exploitation of the resources of the Third World. It is being done by private corporations owned in Europe or the U.S., mainly for the production of raw materials for export to the industrial nations which undertake the enterprise. It results in isolated localities with a single industrial plant, and little in the way of secondary development besides a single road to the plant and possibly a hydro-electric generator. The plant materials are for the most part imported, most of those employed come from a distant labour pool; little money is spent in the locality either by the company or the employees. The indigenous population remains poverty stricken, while a European or Europeanized elite take over control of the region, and run the industry and the government bureaucracy. After its initial establishment there is a net flow of capital out of the region. These are a few of the characteristics which, in the context of the Third World, Marxists have recognized as the development of underdevelopment. In addition, operation in the wilderness seems to provide even less excuse for pollution control than in the South. Finally, the state of the enterprise is always in doubt, because it operates on the economic margins -- it produces those primary commodities most subject to price fluctuations. The box is being opened from the outside, not by flags or treaties, not by sovereignty or cultural diffusions, not by trade or traffic, but by short-term extractive industrialization.

The last point about economic marginality needs searching out, because of the far-reaching effects of marginality on the process of northern development and the quality of life there. The industries are mainly mining and forestry, with fur and fishing now diminishing in importance. Only the first is technically an extractive industry, but all are carried on with an extractive approach; that is, little or no attention is given to long-term development or the replacement of resources. They can only operate with world

prices and transportation costs above or below certain levels. It leads to what in mining is called 'high grading'. With world prices subject to fluctuation due to other mines opening or closing, to increased consumption due to war or prosperity, or to labour or political troubles in the Third World, development plans must remain extremely flexible. It also encourages a rapid expansion and exploitation of the most easily available high grade resources, to gain a quick return on investment while the getting is good.

High grading leads to certain requirements of a labour force: highly mobile, willing to work long hours when needed, willing to live in cheap accommodations without facilities for a family life, with little or no community services. These requirements were filled in Canada along traditional North American lines, which started with the cowboy and the immigrant railroad worker. Wages are not high, but overtime and production bonuses make it possible to make a stake of a few hundred dollars in six months. Some northern mines and lumber camps have a 300% labour turnover per year.

The workers live in the North but are not part of it. A few lose interest in making a stake, and start small businesses, or take jobs with local people, because they like the slow pace and the pioneer style of the northern life. The rest are oriented to a culture imported from the South, a culture which is marginal, even there. Most of them swing back and forth between the North and the South, between bunkhouse boredom and the action of a city. In many ways the tradition of the Whoop-up towns of the West is being recreated in Edmonton and Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Enclaves of shiftless men, tough guys whose ethic is to drink and fight and leave it all behind. The culture of the migrant northern workers goes beyond its historical extension from the hard lone cowboy mythology, because it is thrown in with those of all the other urban rejects.

Today hiring for all industries employing unskilled single men for isolated locations is done in a few major cities. They can be sent cheaply up north, and are less likely to quit if they have to pay their way out, and if they have no friends in towns nearby. If the fare for the trip up is deducted from the first few weeks wages, and only returned after a period of work, such as a year, this acts as a mild form of indenture. This means that in the northern towns themselves little or no hiring is done. Any work force there will be hired only on a part-time or day labour basis, because of the fear that they will quit or not show up on shift. Northern development does little to bring employment to an area, and encourages a local adaptation to very unstable work patterns.

The reliance on shiftless men hired in large urban centers in the South tends to create a subculture. The ethic is to make a stake and get the hell out. Money changes hands mainly for liquor and gambling. Secondary development occurs where there is a skilled or technical working

force. These people live in family accommodations separate from the men, and do their best to create a middle class subdivision in the wilderness. The right to such a house is either strictly dependent on job status, or the house must be purchased outright which means they are of no interest to anyone whose job is not pleasant enough or secure enough for him to want to remain there indefinitely. In Thompson, Manitoba, miners may rent rooms in private houses at exorbitant rates, or live in a vast Y.M.C.A.-run dwelling machine, which has replaced the traditional bunkhouse.

Neither the company nor the middle class technical staff who run the new towns have any interest in changing the system of employment for the lower-echelon workers. Social segregation and social repression of north migrant culture tend to reinforce the cycle of employment in the North and unemployment in the South. Prostitution and common law marriage with Indian girls were common in the early days of northern industrialization. However, the rise of the middle-class technicians in the northern towns have run the whores out of town. So much social stigma is now attached to racial affairs and marriages that they have taken on certain of the aspects of prostitution, and rarely lead to viable family arrangements.

The North, and its conditions of work, shape the style of life in the sections of the cities of the South where the men spend their relaxation. These are the Skid Row areas, which have changed from the days when they were inhabited entirely by hobos and migrant workers without families. Their character still reflects this migrant element, and the forms of entertainment which go with migrant life. But the area is now also inhabited by small time criminals, prostitutes, "derelicts" living on pensions, drug pushers, gamblers, vagrants, people with non-standard forms of sexual expression, stigmatized as perverts - in other words, almost all those groups socially rejected and physically boxed-in by responsible citizens and the city fathers. Furthermore they are usually located near the slum areas where other stigmatized social and racial groups live.

Migrant work patterns make normal family life difficult, so that the men are either unmarried, divorced or separated. Periods away from home lead to broken marriages, and trouble of any kind, over a wife, a child, debts, or the law reinforces the ethic of 'leave it all behind', and so a man hires on for a northern job to get out of the conditions in the South. Broken homes also lead to alcoholism, drug addiction, child neglect and assault.

Northern development is not the dream which was promised. Creative communities cannot grow as long as migrants and Indians are sucked through urban work pools - along with the other human factory rejects.

By  
**Adrian Tanner**

ArchiScan 2015





ED: We came from far, We must go far.  
We come here alone.  
We wish to leave together.  
Speak to us of love.  
Show us the way of marriage.

WU: Love is you;  
He is within you,  
as you are within Him.  
To live is to love,  
and to love is to live.  
To live is to give,  
and to give is to receive.

Marriage is a school of love.  
Do not limit this love to each other.  
Love every man,  
as if he is your brother or your lover.  
Love every woman,  
as if she is your sister of your beloved.  
But remember: love each other first.

As above so below!  
Above...

ED & JUDY: God.

WU: Below...

ED & JUDY: I.

WU: As above so below!

In the name of Love Hope and Charity  
I remind you of I  
who is the Truth, the Life, and the Way.

# HOW ED AND Judy BECAME ED AND JUDY



## WHY DON'T YOU WORK?

"How do you expect society to solve its problems, if you don't pay taxes?"



The greatest threat to civilization is neither Communism nor American Imperialism, but rather the growing reliance on authoritarian solutions to social and international problems. Instead of working with the NLF to build Vietnam, the U.S. chooses to devastate the countryside and "inadvertently" maim and slaughter its inhabitants. Rather than recognize and work with the students of Italy, Czechoslovakia, America, and France, the governments "regretfully" call out the riot squads. And rather than acknowledge that "hippies" are individual human beings with a multiplicity of beliefs and values, rather than uphold the right of individuals to live their own lives, Drapeau has apparently decided to stomp out the kooks, the anarchists, the unwholesome dregs of society.

"You can do what you want, just don't expect anything from us."



AN ATTEMPT AT COMMUNICATION  
PLACE VILLE-MARIE JUNE 13

"What are you doing with your life?"

This may all seem very remote from you, but you are not an island. A society which cannot accept diversity is a threat to your own freedom. A society which suppresses sex and deifies violence can be expected to produce warped human beings. A society which abhors individuality will act to stifle all individuals. A civilization which eradicates its visionaries may be going blind.

"This is lots of fun for now, but what about later?"



"What's wrong with society, anyway?"

"If you get a haircut and some clothes, I'll give you a job tomorrow."

The mythological system of liberal democracy has made a fetish of "rugged individualism", but there is a significant gap between this particular myth and the realities of our society. We live in a mass society where deviance from the norm is frowned upon and often banned.

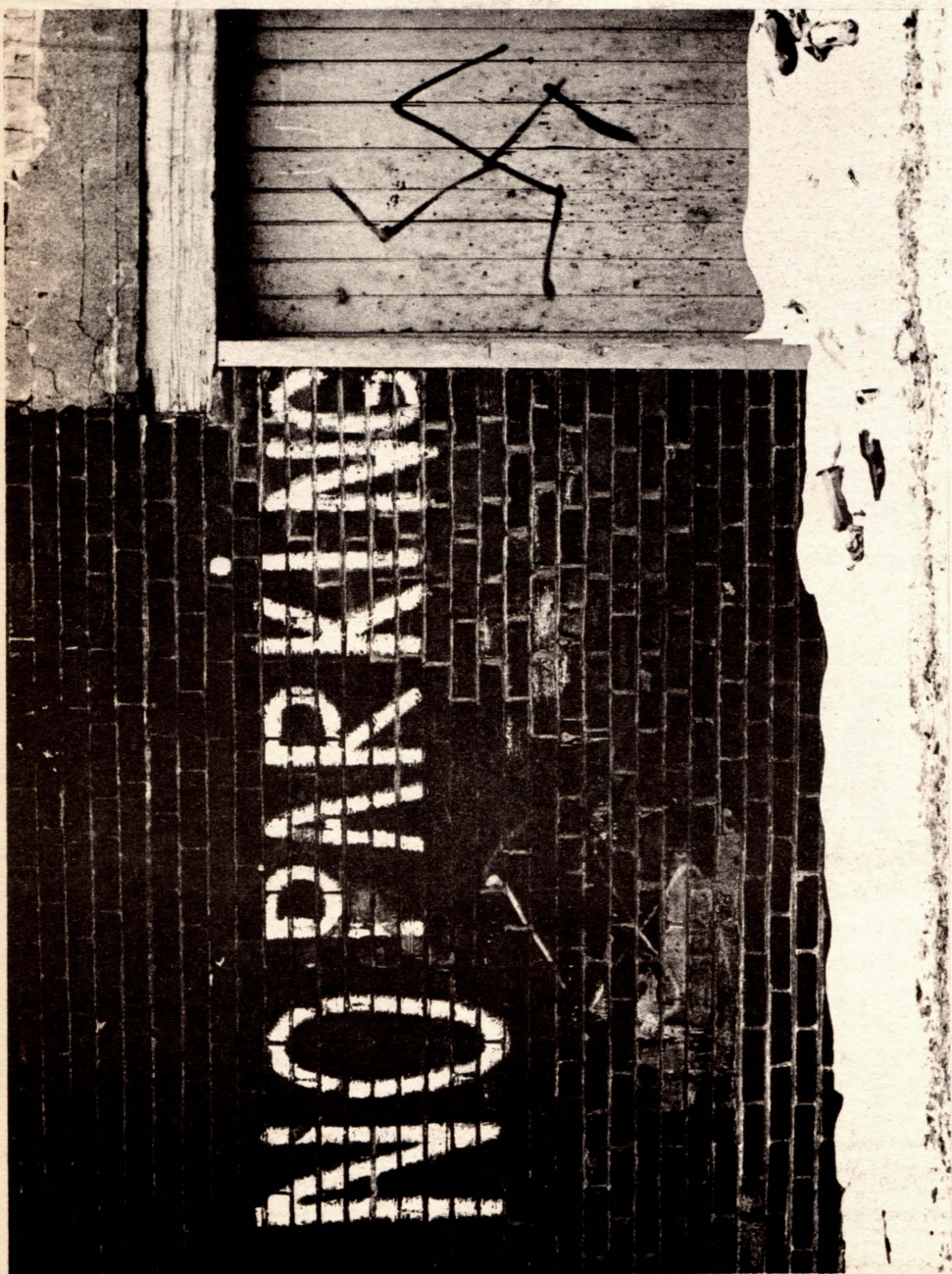
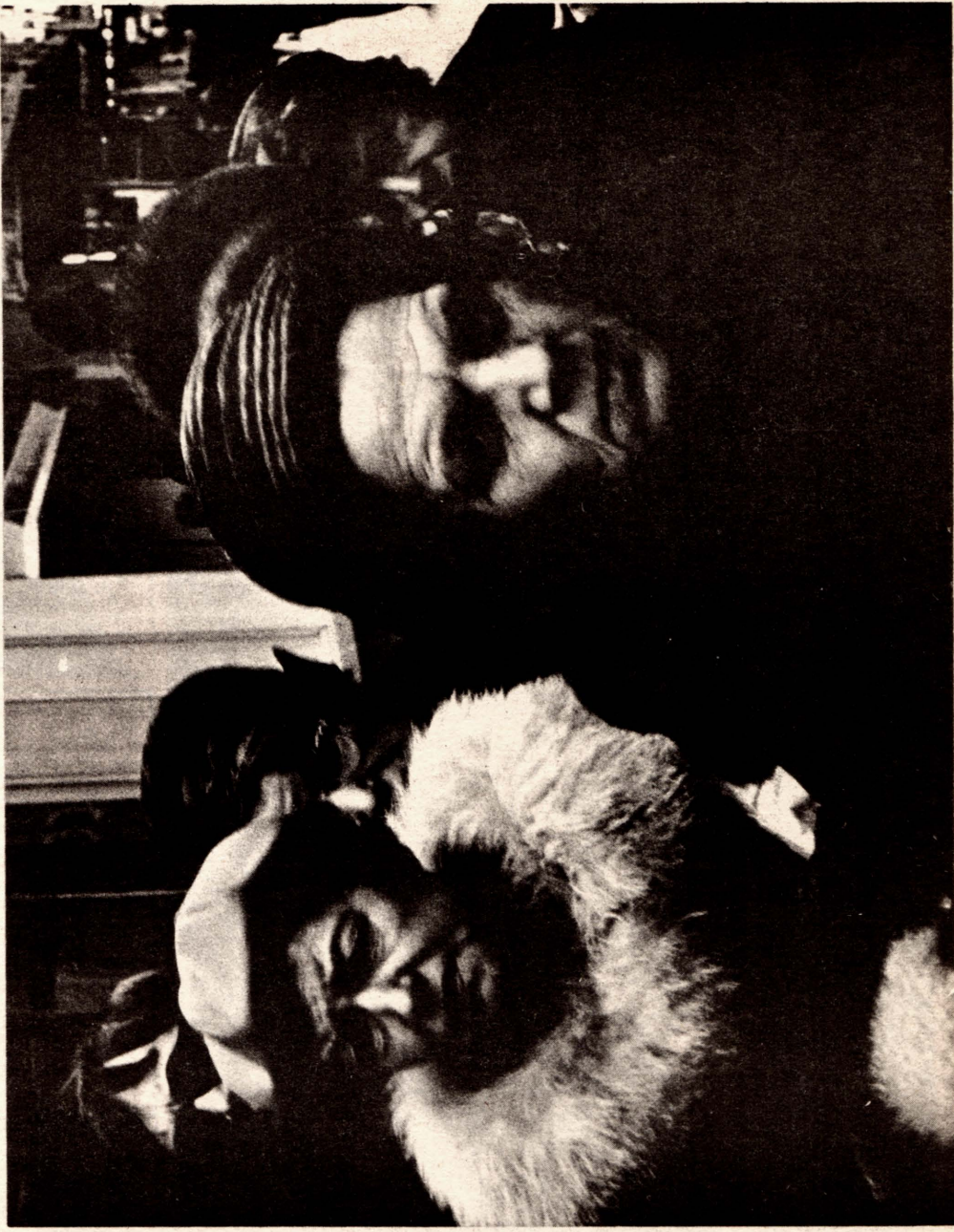
"What would happen to society if we all dropped out and became hippies?"







photographs by fletcher





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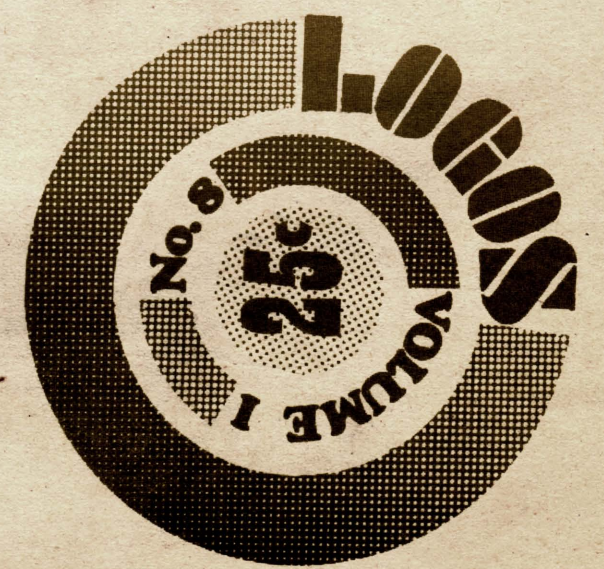
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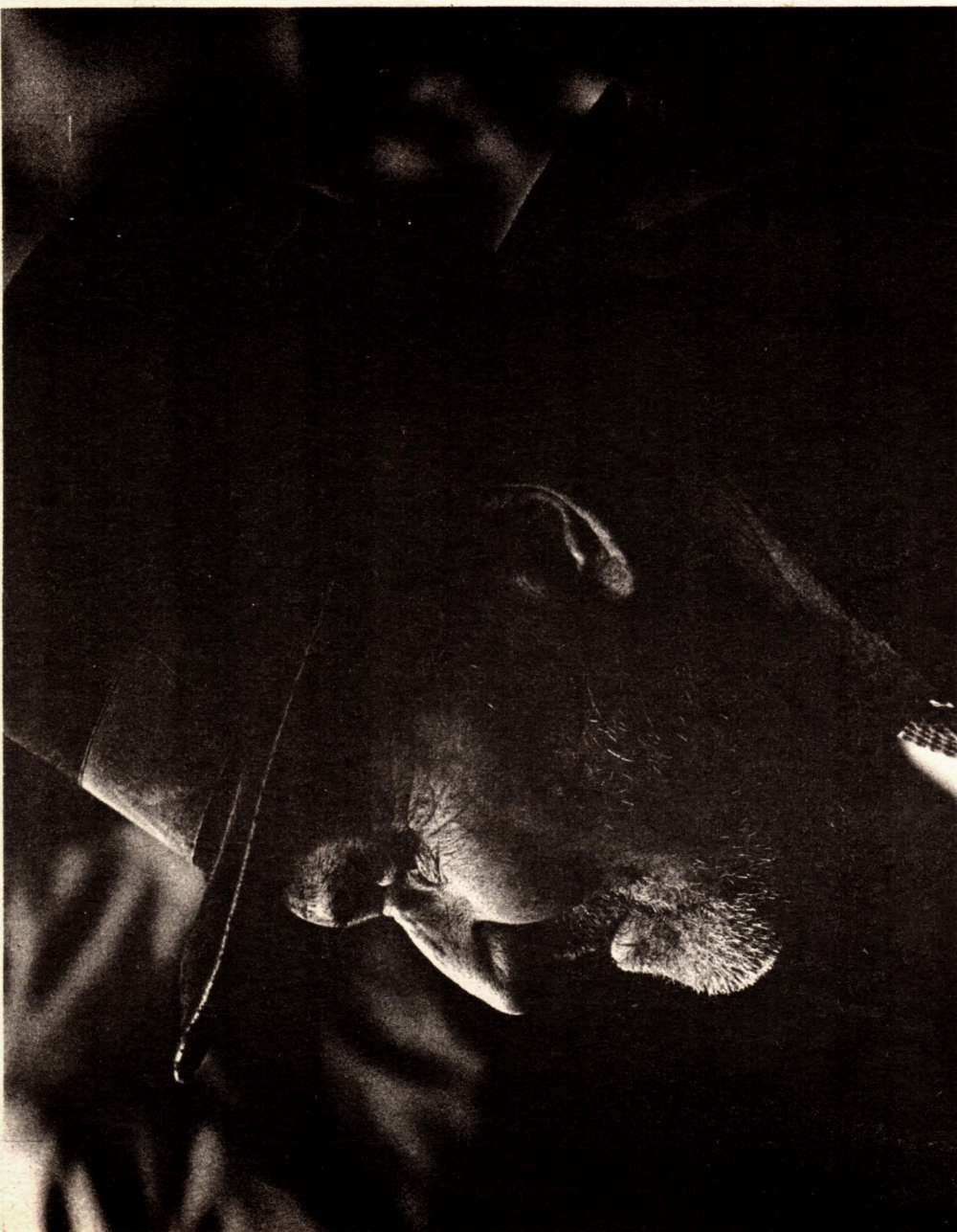












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